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VANITY FAIR

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

TO ADVERTISERS,

☞ See 2d Page. ☜

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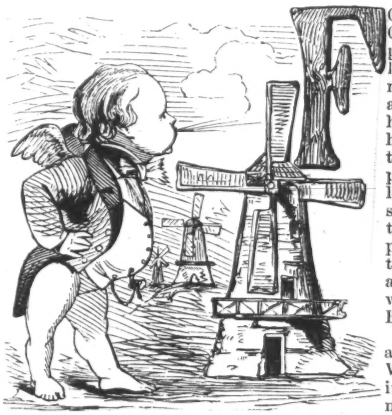
PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XII.

NEWPORT.



FOUR miles south of Ocean House, Newport, BATEMANS—large, comfortable, nice, well-kept place; a handsome farm house engineered on hotel principles and the pleasantest of places wherein to loaf and invite a soul. Lies on extreme point of Newport—call Bellevue the New York Hotel, and BATEMANS would be almost the Battery.

Fine vagabonding all about that point. When hot and dusty in Newport of afternoon, drive down to the Rocks at BATEMANS, and you'll find a rise of ten degrees in thermometer. Such dulcified atmosphere as climate affords, not to be discovered anywhere else on face of earth. Madeira not bad, Naples very decent, Sir Trinidad quite tololderable — but Newport summer air, like the ripest bits of 'em carefully softened and temperately cooled—with sugar. Fogs occasionally—WIDOW says they're only blessings in disguise—they improve complexion so. "Bless my heart—there was NINON FAIRSINNER of Madison Avenue—she came here used *up* like an old umbrella; thin as a whip-snake, with a complexion half way between a ripe persimmon and a green chinquapin—and now look at her! (To be sure if you're a decent looking man, she'll spare you the trouble.) But the girl certainly does look good enough to eat now, that's a fact—it's all fogs and Newport air——"

"And virtuous abstinence?"

"Good for you—or any other man."

"Talk about climate," quoth Captain DICK. "Ah—if you want to unfold the sympathies of youth, you ought to live in Sparaguaya. There's a revelation for you."

And here DICK laid himself comfortably back, and taking out a fresh *Partagas* lighted it lazily—Ma'am—I tell this story vilely. For I should have said that in the first place, we were pic-nicking gloriously among the rocks—rambling about between Pirates' Cave, and "the Wrecks" with special reference to the Governor's Table and the Spring—and if you know the spots, you will admit that a better place for rock and waves, ocean-air, trailing sea-plants ever rising and falling with the ebb and flow—washing foam, dreams and climbs, is not discoverable between Nahant and Henlopen—or that I may give a margin, say Hatteras. On a jutting point, stood WOLF and RANDOLPH fishing—on a rock lay baskets—in the Spring sat bottles—up on the beach rambled CATALPA, gathering shells, with two umbrellas held over her by her footman and maid—and on a fine rocky point, sat we and others, dolce far nienting like good fellows.

"Such a climate. When I lived in Sparaguaya, and was Dictator of that blessed land——"

"WHAT!!"

"Dictator—Spanish for RICHARD DAMBANGER, Emperor Plenipotentiary and Lord Catamount, I owned a district so healthy that the oldest records didn't mention such a thing as a natural death—in fact, the natural death of the country was to be ripped up by a Guacho knife. Even this was awful uncertain. There was a secretary of mine, one MIGUEL HAYZOO GONZALES TROCONIS IRIARTE ACOSTA CIPRIANO BENAVIDES ZARRAGA HERNANDEZ CONTRERAS SUAREZ ANGEL FELIPE MARTINEZ——"

"Or any other man. Time!"

"Well—MIGUEL belonged to this healthy district. One day he was out riding, escorting an uncommonly fine looking young woman out to my country place, when they were set upon by Indians, and cut actually into seven pieces apiece.

"Now you mayn't believe it, but I had it from a very truthful man, that the atmosphere was so salubrious that when their limbs were adjusted they actually healed before the first intention. Unfortunately they had put RAFAELITA's (that was the girl's) head on MIGUEL and *vice versa*, so that he couldn't quite make out when he arose if she were himself or if *he* were *her*, if his'n were her'n or her'n was his'n. Under the circumstances they concluded it would be wise to get married."

"Or any other man!"

"Well, I don't wonder you doubt it. Of course. Naturally. In fact I expected you would. Certainly. But I can tell you what—RANDOLPH's brother DUNWOODIE was at my court in Sparaguaya *and saw me there*. Sho! why that climate was so healthy that a bottle full of the air taken to any other place and uncorked under the nose of a girl dying of consumption——"

"Or any other man?"

"Yes, it's a fact—'twould cure her up right straight away on end. However, healthy as the place was I contrived to have a good many die off."

"Go on Captain," quoth WILLY, resignedly. "I submit for one."

"Or any other man!"

"Well, the natives were uncommonly ambitious of being regarded as caballeros or gentlemen—perfectly insane on the subject. Precipitoriously. Why I once made them dig a canal by saying that in Europe canal digging was a privilege only accorded to the blood royal and the nobility. Well, they got up a tremendous conspiracy once, to dethrone me, and had the *pronunciamento* all ready baked, and the *jefes* ready to start me off on a bullet track. I only let drop the hint that to be a *real* gentleman and high old dalgo cavalier of the first water—a don among the dons—one ought to be able to say that he had killed a man for every year of his life. *Caramba!* how the news flew! 'Don RICARDO said it—Don RICARDO says so.' Lord bless you! the town was half depopulated the very first night by assas-ination. All the *jefes* were killed off—there was nothing but ripping, sticking, slashing, shooting.

> "All night long in that sweet little village
> Was heard the soft note of the pistol,
> And the dying scream of the victim."

"The next day I published a great *carta* denying the whole story in big red letters. But had a bad moral effect for me, for the natives always thought at heart that a murderer was rather a genteel person.

"Or any other man."

"Well Captain," quoth WILLY, your experiences are sure death to flies. Sharp and sudden. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to propose the health of Captain DAMBANGER—and may his memoirs never grow less. I don't say, "keep his memory *green*" for it cannot be done—and therefore suggest that we do it brown in a bumper!

> So fill up your glasses, and fill 'em up quick!
> Vive la compagnie
> And we'll drink to the health of our friend Captain DICK!
> Vive la compagnie!
> Vive le vin, vive l'amour
> Vive le vin vive l'amour
> Vive la compagnie!"

And hearing this, the boys who were fishing hauled out and came ashore. They looked uncommonly like a couple of subterranean Five Pointers, crossed on wet oystermen of a lower grade who had suddenly realized the inspiration of an aristocratic sentiment. I need not say that they walked into the sandwiches and Strasburg pie most affectionately.

"And now Captain, respond with a song. One of your own."

"Or any other man's."

And the DAMBANGER arose like a good fellow and flourishing a Hock bottle to beat time, warbulated:

> The very best song that ever was sung,
> I heard from a bird on a tree,
> 'Twas meant for all fools, both old and young,
> And 'twill do, good fellow, for thee
> Very well for you or for me.
> The sum of all wisdom was in each word,
> And the words were "death is sure,"
> And life's best joys in the chorus were heard
> And the chorus was *vive l'amour!*
>
> In a steamer we slide adown the tide

With rosin and lard we'll go!
Run boys and empty the bar above—
There's a sand bar just below.
[We'll jump her or smash you know]
Put fifty-six on the safety valves
Or sit on 'em, till you tire.
Here's a box of rockets—don't go it by halves,
Pitch 'em into the engine fire!

With rockets and rosin and pitch and lard,
Pity powder in kegs won't do—
We're close to the bar—good fellow stay hard
She jumps like a kangaroo.
Off we're darting nimble and neat,
Like a mustang over the plain,
And if any one thinks that he can be beat
We'll rosin her up again.

Such was the song the little bird sung
On top of the hickory tree,
Sweet as a dinner bell gong it rung;
And he rung it right into me,
As straight as ever could be,
And the lesson I learned from that plaintive lay
Was that "*pluck* can bang down a wall,"
And when you go travelling, any day
It's better to BUST than crawl!

MIGUEL AND RAFAEL.TA.

"Good for the Captain!" "Or any other man! Hip hurrah!" "Or any other man!"

And if any body asks me why we all kept repeating that phrase, I can only reply as the echo did to him who wandered in the halls of his ancestors, exclaiming "the friends of my youth—where are they?"—"Really—I don't know!"

I believe that the most malignant disposition will not accuse me of a desire to puff in any way, when I say that among Newport institutions Hazard and Caswell's Apothecarial Repository vies with the Redwood Library, and comes out ahead in attracting lady visitors. In fact, I mention the circumstance to put "all single gentlemen who are married" on their guard, forewarning them that so surely as it becomes known to the ladies in their cottage or hotel, that they are going out of an afternoon, they will be requested to visit the Post Office, and while there, "just step into Caswell's" to procure sugar-plums, arnica, lead-pencils, vinaigrettes, stationery and other components of the materia medica, in universal demand at all watering places. Something I might say too of the sale of grapes, and of bouquets in this faded city which now blooms again, but herein I sympathise too much with the lady-recipients—being a believer in certain branches of extravagance, for I have faith in flowers. In Jouvins. In Cashmeres. In Black Hamburgs and Chasselas. In Bartlett pears. In wood-violet. In point lace. In French boots and shoes—in handkerchiefs—nor do I believe that these penchants unaccompanied by riotous expenditure in other matters, ever yet brought man or woman to sorrow. Thus endeth the fifth lesson.

"Between the old gable roofs afar
I watch the shadows on the bay,
When o'er it hangs the morning star
Or steals the glow of parting day."

"I watch the sail across it glide,
And vanish like a thing in air,
Or, mirrored in the glossy tide,
The anchored crafts swing idle there."

So singeth TUCKERMAN of Newport—it is worth the fine poem—worth many a picturing, music souled lay.

So I can sit hours after hours on these Newport rocks—all through the live long summer sunny day, and see the waves wash up and down, with strange sweet fascination. Then outlook towards the sea—the blue is so tenderly refreshing, and the white sails on it are veritable plums—and after savoring this and the faintly pinked sky I come back to the endless wash of the waves on the yawning ragged dreadful rocks—wierd as Chinese root carvings— black crags of Dragon Land.

Perhaps you know the charm of monotony? Perhaps you have heard, too, GOTTSCHALK'S banjo—I do not mean you who have heard it simply to laugh at the "nigger notion," but you who have caught in it the tropical monotony—tum—tum—tum—which becomes at last so exciting and silencing together—or—

Never mind—I only mention it to tell you who have not as yet sought it there, that on the rocks of Newport, sitting hour after hour, watching the waters surging up to and dropping from the rocks I found the monotone which fascinates—the deepest secret of the Oriental *Kheyf*, or repose in Nature—found it as I never found it before, oh friends; even in that same worldly-minded, flaunting, tearing frivolous, masquerading, American VANITY FAIR of Newport.

The Central Park.

Yesterday our religious reporter did the Central Park in company with the irrepressible JENKS. His notes are as follows: JENKS was disposed to disport himself at the expense of Commissioners and Co. At a point of the grand avenue, they found a "burst" of Celtic operatives actively engaged in keeping up an appearance of labor on small capital. At the same point there was an obstruction, with a sign thereof, reading, "Temporary Road—Carriages cannot pass this way." JENKS (being, as you know an artist in addition to his other nine "talents") alighted on the spot, and with a festive and rapid stroke of his crayon (which, in imitation of O'TITIAN and others, he carries "*semper paratus*") transformed the sign into "Tipperary Road—Tare an'ages yez can't pass this way." Then he remarked that he thought it funny. We couldn't see it, but at his urgent request consented to submit it to the readers of "V. F."

A Miled Suggestion.

'Tis not often that our Retired Punster meddles with worldly affairs, but speaking of the League between France and Sardinia, he wishes to know if VICTOR would not prefer a greater distance?

A Shoulder Hit.

When the Brothers HANLON perform their leap from shoulder to shoulder, our heavy man says that it is an *épaule*-ing feat.

INGENIOUS.

SMITHERWICK HAS JUST INVENTED A NEW SEWING MACHINE, WHICH, BY A FELICITOUS COMBINATION WITH THE BARREL ORGAN, PLAYS THE "SONG OF THE SHIRT," WHILE IT TURNS OUT ONE OF THOSE INDISPENSABLE ARTICLES, COMPLETE, AND FOLDS IT DOWN INTO A BOX.

2-40 on the Piano.

"A young lady of Richmond, Va., is passionately fond of the Piano, and has an absorbing love for music. She recently became so violently absorbed that she struck the keys with such force as to break her fore finger near the first joint."—*Exchange Paper.*

Ever since the Editor of VANITY FAIR first heard the "Anvil Chorus" hammered on the piano, he has feared some accident would result from these Too Forte arrangements.

Cool.

SCENE—*A Third Avenue Car.* TIME—6 P. M. *One hundred and seventy-five people outside, thirty more on the rear platform. Testy old person stops the car and tries to wriggle himself out.*

FACETIOUS YOUNG FELLOW (*who is hanging on by the brake, to testy old ditto, log.*) This way, sir; right through here. If you find any trouble, just use my name at the door. (!)

Bless him, how should he Know?

"Hit his positively painful to think hof the amount hof lameness prevalent during one hof your Presidential campaigns," said our English friend to us the other day; "'ardly a morning passes that hi do not read in the '*Erald* hof some public man or hother who goes Stumping habout the country."

Recommended to Fowler.

The perusal of that new book, What may be Learned from a Tree; *i. e.* to keep shady.

An Equine Tantalus.

The thirsty horse of a watering cart.

A "Tight Little Island."

The Special reporter of the *Tribune*, in describing the visit of the Prince of Wales to Prince Edward Island, gives some curious information with regard to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that colony. Speaking of CHARLOTTE TOWN, the *chef lieu* of the island, he tells us that his principal associations connected with that place are "incessant brutal bursts of drunkenness, so violent, and wild, and reckless, that the most vicious quarter of New York could not yield their parallel." This is cheerful for New York—we are not so bad as we might be, after all. He further states that he "never saw so small a place given over so utterly to bestiality," and that "children, and plenty of them, of tender years, ranged the thoroughfares, not less besotted than the matured multitudes." We remember as of an older song, the burden of which reiterates manfully the assertion that England is a "tight little island"; in connection with which we have only to say that the "tightness," in one sense of the word, at least, appears to have spread itself over very considerably to her colony of Prince Edward Island.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Considering that Canada has done nothing but Rain on the Prince of Wales, ever since he set foot upon her colonial shores, it was but a sorry compliment paid to H. R. H. by the band of the Boston Fusileers, who played "Hail Columbia" as they deployed past him on some festive occasion at Montreal.

Down on Pittsburg.

The Englishman who waited in Pittsburg a month for a steamer down to St. Louis and New Orleans, has given it up. He declares that during the entire four weeks every advertisement read—

"Steamers are up for St. Louis and New Orleans."

Con. By an "Arkansaw Traveller."

Why is a piece of music like an Arkansaw forest? Because it is full of Bars.

D'Israeli in the clutches o. Jobson.

DAVID WEMYSS JOBSON, ex-chiropodist, ex-pettifogger, ex-editor of the *Red Flag*, and altogether the most extraordinary creature known, has come to grief. He has been "sentenced to twelve months in jail by the Central Criminal Court of London, for having endeavored to extort money from SIR JAMES FERGUSSON."

But SIR JAMES's case is not a circumstance to poor D'ISRAELI's "DIZZY" testified on the trial *that he had received one hundred and twenty letters from Mr. Jobson.* One hundred and twenty! Think to what a degree of lunacy he must have been reduced! And even now he is not safe, for though JOBSON has been jugged, in his case,

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

and the epistolary torments that he may yet inflict upon the unfortunate author of "Vivian Grey" are too dreadful to think of.

When we state that JOBSON's style very much resembles that of the gifted BRANCH, the last touch is given to the picture of D'ISRAELI's misery.

Mundane Jokes.

A Motto for the World.—"There's a good time Cumming."
The World to Come.—The first lively number.
World without End.—A myth of the stockholders.
Journalistic Astronomy.—35,000 Worlds—and only one Sun!

Con. by a Dry-goods Man.

Why will the fair sex be likely to cut Naples after Garibaldi shall have taken it?

Because, of course there won't be any Bomba seen there.

The Unity of the Republicans.

Tribe unity.

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.

'TIS said that a pleasant trait in the character of the youthful Prince of Wales is the care taken by him in superintending the minds and directing the studies of those by whom his royal person is immediately environed. Of this a charming instance occurred during the princely progress up the Ottawa, on which occasion, we are assured by the *Herald* reporter, "the Prince informed his attendants that THOMAS MOORE wrote the well-known Canadian song, 'Row, brothers row.'"

We learn from our special correspondent, that his Royal Highness, just as the steamer bore them past the charming scenery at Two Mountains, turned suddenly to the Duke of Newcastle and said: "The 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the production of JOHN BUNYAN, and, unless I am very much mistaken, that spicy lyric 'How doth the little busy bee' has been attributed to Dr. WATTS."

These acorns from the Royal oak are eagerly scrambled for by the members of the noble suite. The Earl of St. Germains is busily engaged in learning short-hand from the young man of the London *Times*, in order that he may lose none of them.

Matters of taste have long been ignored as fit subjects for controversy. Comment is therefore unnecessary on the coincidence that although the *Herald* reporter thinks Ottawa the nicest place in Canada, on account of oyster stews and handsome ladies, the young Prince openly expresses his contempt for that lumbering locality. This may be attributed to the fact that, as we learn from the reporters, the Queen's portrait was manufactured into lumber by the nice people of Ottawa, who knocked it about and defaced it with their cow-hide boots, in their "rush out of the pavilion" after the Prince.

Thus, when the Duke of Newcastle began reading aloud from a New-York journal, a paragraph commencing: "Ottawa, though appearing to disadvantage last night in the rain—" His Royal Highness immediately exclaimed:

"Stop! the writer is mistaken there; he should have written—'disappearing to advantage in the rain.'"

This is considered by the Earl of St. Germains and the small English midshipman the severest thing ever yet said of a city containing fifteen thousand inhabitants and a suspension bridge.

We are told that the Governor General of Canada, Sir EDMUND HEAD, is personally very distasteful to the Prince. This rumor would appear to be confirmed by the following authentic anecdote.

As our special correspondent was obtaining fire for his cigar from the Prince, the latter said, thoughtfully:

"I don't think I could write a eudoxology of old HEAD, if I tried—but couldn't I write his epitaph, though, rather!"

"And what would Your Royal Highness write?" asked our correspondent, returning the Prince's weed.

"*Caput Mortuum*," said the Prince.

For the meagreness of his *repertoire* of anecdotes connected with the Prince's visit to Ottawa, our correspondent accounts as follows:

"You know my respect for the sanctity of private conversations. Hence the reticence observed by me—a reticence which I am happy to see reflected in the columns of the New York *Herald*, whose reporter, in allusion to the same excursion, says,

Were it not for the private character of this excursion I should have felt myself at liberty to say more about it: but as it is, good taste prompts silence as to minor details.

Melancholy Accident.

Why is MILLS' Equestrian Statue of G. WASHINGTON like crude gold? Awful pause.

A. Because it's a Nice ore.

New Device for the Corporation Seal.

Respectfully inscribed to the Metropolitan LELANDS.

"Stick no bills here!"

A WEGETARIAN SONG.

Way up in the East, from whence wise men came,
"Came,"—mind, the word is "came"—
Is a wonderful city, a city of fame,
And Boston is its famous name.
Sing, Heigho, for Boston! Boston! Boston!
Sing, Heigho, for Boston!
The rock which the brains get lost on.

One day, when the mercury marked five score,
Perhaps a little more,
A galliant wherry-man seized the oar,
One who the name of Martin bore.
Sing, Heigho, for Martin! Martin! Martin!
Sing, Heigho, for Martin,
And the wherry he took his start in.

Away went this wherry-man stout and bold,
And Boston belles were told,
That he was the werry-man mentioned of old,
Intended to knock all Gotham cold.
Sing, Heigho, for Gotham! Gotham! Gotham!
Sing, Heigho, for Gotham!
And as for the steaks we loathe 'em.

So off went bold Martin to dare the salt seas,
I'd rather he than me.
As for stores, he'd aboard of apples, three,
And a pickled whortle-ber-ry.
Sing, Heigho, the berry! berry! berry!
Sing, Heigho, the berry,
A wery rich dish, wery.

So Martin tugged on like a trump at the oar—
I'll bet it was a bore—
Until when he'd chewed his last grub to the core,
He came to New York, and stepped ashore.
Sing, Heigho, for New York! New York! New York!
Sing, Heigho, for New York!
The land of the beef and the pork.

And now comes the gist of bold Martin's great row,
A very funny go:
They gave him a dinner, all going to show,
That beef as a diet was very slow.
Sing, Heigho, for the beef! the beef! the beef!
Sing, Heigho, for the beef!
That led mankind to grief.

So the dinner was spread in a gorgeous array,
In vegetarian way.
There was gingerbread, apples, with pop-corn and hay,
Such feed isn't getable every day.
Sing, Heigho, for the feed! the feed! the feed!
Sing, Heigho, for the feed,
Good balm for the stomach's need.

But despised on the table so tempting and sly,
None knew the reason why,
Were the ham and the tongue, that would make a man sigh,
Which went by the board in the wink of an eye.
Sing, Heigho, for the board! the bo-red! the bo-red!
Sing, Heigho, for the bo-red!
The ones you could count by the cord.

Now this is the moral and pith of my song,
It's not so very long.
You must live upon greens if you wish to be strong,
And buy you a boat, if you wouldn't do wrong.
Sing, Heigho, for the boat! the boat! the boat!
Sing, Heigho, for the boat!
With the best respects of the pote.

Which nobody can deny.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, on many occasions during his life time, was guilty of the grossest rudeness. A friend at our elbow thinks that he explains this when he says that the very country the Emperor came from was *Corse*.

Isn't it.

It is a little odd that young ladies of a certain class, are continually on the look-out for a "great catch," and yet that we never hear of their marrying a hangman, who is however conceded to be the greatest KETCH known.

THE NEW "KING OF YVETOT."

A SONG AFTER THE MANNER OF BÉRANGER.

IN Washington—the story goes,
A President did reign,
Whose exploits much rejoiced his foes,
And gave his friends great pain.
The Lord of Misrule eke was he;
This irrepressible J. B.;
You see!
Ha! ha! ho! ho! laugh and grow fat;
What a jolly President was that, that, that!
When he was hungry he did eat,
And drank when he was dry;
His favorite esculent was *wheat*,
His favorite beverage, *rye*!
But still, through all his troublous reign,
A Nightmare sorely vexed his brain,
Of Spain!
Ha! ha! ho! ho! laugh and grow fat,
What a cheerful President was that, that, that!

He strove—this man of many woes—
All men to satisfy;
But had a pimple on his nose—
A Cuba in his eye;
So, in his daily round of care,
Was not exactly "on the square,"
I swear!
Ha! ha! ho! ho! laugh and grow fat;
What a jocund President was that, that, that!

Small by degrees and less did grow
The glory of his reign,
The more he built that air *chateau*
Upon the isle of Spain,
Until, at last, one luckless day,
His public life slipped quite away,
They say!
Ho! ho! ha! ha! laugh and grow fat;
What a weary President was that, that, that!

Thus this great Light went out, for lack
Of Spanish *isle*, 'tis said;
But his dear people are not slack
In honoring the dead.
They daily pour unnumbered libations to J. B. in his high
"Old Rye."
Ho! ho! ha! ha! laugh and grow fat;
What a gay old President was that, that, that!

All Gas.

The famous terrestrial æronaut, Professor LOWE—Professor of Gas we suppose he must be—is at his tricks again. Here is the latest account of him:

PROFESSOR LOWE AND HIS BALLOON.

Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 7, 1860.—Prof. LOWE has commenced the inflation of his mammoth balloon at the Philadelphia gas works, and starts on his proposed trip to Europe at half past three o'clock.

LATER.—Mr. LOWE, as usual, did not ascend as promised. Reporters and citizens generally are indignant.

Whatever chance Mr. LOWE may have of figuring among the "eminent Americans" embalmed in APPLETON'S Cyclopedia, it is not probable that his name will be handed down to posterity in any future edition of "MEN WHO HAVE RISEN."

BILLY OR NOT BILLY—THAT IS THE QUESTION.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

SIR:—Here's a go! For nearly half a century have I been an admirer of the late MR SHAKESPEARE. Though I may sometimes mention him with affectionate irreverence as BILLY, upon my soul, I have always respected him. For his sake I have endured MACREADY'S cracked voice, and Mr. FORREST'S most irritating legs, and MATILDA HEROX'S waving arms. The pleasure which I have taken in the smothering of DESDEMONA is beyond all expression. The rapture which I have have experienced at beholding the death of RICHARD III, at hearing his final, and witnessing his concluding flip-flap is unspeakable; and ROMEO and JULIET I have regarded as the prettiest pair of corpses ever served up by Mistress MELPOMENE. Sir, I believed in SHAKESPEARE to that extent, that in the moment of my severest squeezing at the pit-door, if any body had told me that BILLY was not BILLY, all I can say is, that I should have knocked that person's hat over his eyes with the satisfaction appertaining to a virtuous action, I should, Dear me! On returning from the theatre, how often have I, over a virtuous tumbler, meditated upon BILLY and sweet AVON, and the poaching, and the flight to London, and the Mermaid and Mistress HATHAWAY! And behold BILLY was nobody, after all!

For in the first place comes Mr. PAYNE COLLIER, and plays the very deuce with the old respectable established text, which we all liked so much the better because we could not always understand it. Devil take it, sir! Who wants to understand it all? We understand enough, I hope, sir! What will be left of the immortal dramatist, I should like to know if he is to be brought down to the comprehension of every green goose? And here is Mr. COLLIER slicing, splitting, erasing, interlining, twisting, conjecturing and transposing until all is as plain as a primer. That is my Staggerer No. I.

Then followed Miss DELIA BACON. DELIA is a pretty name, if BACON isn't. What does DELIA do. Proves, 'pon my word, that SHAKESPEARE never wrote a play in his life. He held horses—that's what he did. He is a Humbug—that's what he is. Didn't know how to read or write—he didn't. A confounded stick—that's what he was. That's my Staggerer No. II.

And now we have Mr. CHARLES READE. Immense creature. Has written a little book to prove that he is a great man. Does prove that he is the Sophocles, Seneca, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Corneille, Addison, Sheridan of 1860. Sir, I have read that little book—"The Tenth Commandment," 'tis christened—through. How do I feel? As well, sir, as could be expected. I am getting my eyes open, sir! I have been a poor blind puppy all my life, but I begin to see. I have frequently fallen asleep over Mr. Charles Reade's plays, but I am wide-awake now, sir! Reade superior to Billy? I should think so; why when Charles Reade says that Charles Reade is, you had better believe Charles Reade, unless you want Charles Reade to write another book about Charles Reade, just to prove what Charles Reade is, and what you are, sir! I have risen from the perusal of that "Tenth Commandment" with my opinion of Charles Reade too high to be talked of to an incredulous world. And the more I think of Charles Reade, the less I think of Billy. Charles Reade is Staggerer No. III.

Sir, I am rather old, but now that the world—the knowing, sagacious, penetrating Present—has got its hand in, may I not have the pleasure of seeing a few more reputations smashed, before I go? Spencer didn't write Faery Queen. I suppose, Queen Elizabeth wrote it. Milton wrote Paradise Lost! stuff and nonsense! Oliver Cromwell was the author. Tom Jones was really the production of the Rev. John Wesley; and there is all the reason in the world for believing that Hannah Moore had a hand in Don Juan. Only one thing is certain. Charles Reade certainly wrote "The Tenth Commandment." Nobody will dispute that. He's safe—he is!

Yours in a muddle,

PETER PANTALOON.

The Eagle in Danger!

Our Democratic contributor says that the Republicans are trying to substitute for that noble but abused bird, the American Eagle, a Split Rail.

The true "Movement Cure."

A cure for the evils of the first of May.

OH, THUNDER!

SIMMONS EXPLAINS TO TIMMINS THE PRINCIPLE OF HIS MUCH-NEEDED "PROMENADE PARATONERRE" OR "THUNDER UMBRELLA," WHICH HAS BECOME QUITE A FAMILY NECESSITY, NOW HE SAYS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE INCREASING FREQUENCY OF "METEORS AND THINGS."

V. F. TO THE "BRITISH LION."

SMALL BRITISH ANIMAL.—We have had a good deal to say respecting the larcenies of the large British Lion, of late, but were not aware of your having been whelped into the world of journalism, until our attention was called to the fact by a well known literary detective, who notified us that you had, as it were, got into our larder through a breach in the lattice, and stolen a duck. In other words, Leo Minor, you, too, are larcenious; you have appropriated an article of property belonging to us, and have disposed of it for the inconsiderable sum of two cents, which proves how indifferently informed you are with regard to the value of exotic objects of *vertu*. In VANITY FAIR of the 19th of last May, there appeared an article, the illustration to which represented "French Pugilists engaged in le Boxe." In the *British Lion* of the 28th of July following, we perceive that you have done us the honor of reproducing the design referred to, under the caption—"The Noble Art, as practised in France." There is a slight, but unsuccessful attempt made to disguise the design—just as if you had stolen a good hat, and then sportively sat upon it, to make it look like your own. This, coupled with the fact of your having forgotten to credit the sketch to its right owner, sufficiently proves the theft, which lacerating though it is to our feelings to do so, we feel ourselves called upon thus to expose.

We could have been flattered by your imitation of us—but, two cents!!

And yet, Small Animal, to prove that we can forgive as well as censure, we shall be quite glad to present you with some of our old cuts for your columns—suggesting that, for the present, it might be as well for you to confine yourself to the reproduction of "The British Lion" in our number of the 19th of May, "More British Fair Play" in the 13th of August, and the present letter.

Yours watchfully,

Vanity Fair.

A Manager's most natural Exclamation.

"My Stars!"

JUDGE STEERS' NEW CODE.

The thieves of New-York, ought to get up a testimonial for Judge STEERS, of the court of Special Sessions. That learned functionary has established the most complete code for their protection that can be imagined. On the 28th ult., a thief of tender years was brought before him charged with having stolen some bank-bills from a woman whom he had found, a day or two before, lying on the sidewalk in a state of utter drunkenness. The Judge with great perspicacity remarked that "it was of no consequence whether the boy stole the money or not, for the woman would certainly have spent it for liquor, in the course of the day" (!) In consequence of which, this rising young pickpocket, was allowed to go forth in search of other victims.

We trust that the "profession" will testify their gratitude to Judge STEERS for the precedent that he has established. Certainly no one deserves better treatment at their hands than he.

A terrific Broil.

The London *Times* informs us that the "gridiron," at Milford Haven, for the beaching of the Great Eastern, is now nearly completed.

Now, considering the perpetual Broils in which the large, melancholy ship referred to has continually been involved, there would hardly appear to be any necessity for giving her another turn upon the Gridiron: while on the other hand, remembering the assiduity with which her directors have always kept her in Hot water, we should not have been in the least surprised to eventually learn that she had gone to Pot.

A Proposal from Jenks.

JENKS, observing the irrepressible state of the Canada *Orangemen* on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, proposes, in order to show that our country is still ahead, that when His Royal Highness arrives in New York, there shall be a similar, but more resolute, demonstration on the part of the *Orange women*. Females exclusively in the apple line cannot be permitted to join.

IN A MUDDLE.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—"Bless me! My Boy—where's the shore—we're in a terrible pickle!

H. R. H.—Oh! But we CAN'T go ashore—the Orangemen, you know! And we can't go to sea. After all perhaps we'd better make for the Yankees. They'll treat us decently.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.

FEW weeks since we saw in one of our illustrated journals a startling picture, representing a sea-serpent, of rather huge dimensions, engaged in refreshing himself leisurely with the jib-boom of an ill-fated British barque. With our usual benevolence and love for our species, we began to reflect whether such a vast power might not be utilized in some way; and after revolving the matter (45 turns a minute) in our own mind, and calling in the aid of "Tubal Cain," we have hit upon the following plan. It is proposed to try the experiment upon the Great Eastern, by stretching the monster along the upper deck, so that his head will be on the bow, and his tail will project over the stern. We learn from the most reliable authority (the journal aforesaid) that the dimensions of the monster are sufficient to allow for one-third of his entire length in the water astern, which is quite enough for purposes of propulsion. The body of the animal will be held in place by the weight of a pile of reports of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, while his tail, of course will be left perfectly free. When the power is to be used, the engineer will excite him by reciting, in a "laudable voice," a series of military leaders from the *Tribune*, which will cause his tail to lash the sea with great fury. We estimate the speed thus attained at from 20 to 35 knots, according to the quality of the reading matter furnished. Ever fertile in invention, we have discovered two methods of stopping the engine, each of which would prove effectual. In the first place, we propose to read half a column from the *World*, which will at once soothe the monster to repose; and, in the second place, to hypnotize him by holding some brilliant object, such as a STARR (GEORGE) before his eyes. The engines can be reversed by the beautifully simple process of turning the creature round, so that his head will be at the stern, and his tail over the bows, and proceeding as before.

The sea-serpent will require very little in the way of provision; merely a brace of aldermen a day, washed down with—say, ten thousand bottles of champagne, (Chateau Leland,) for the round trip, and an occasional dessert of jibbooms, or one of the yards of the ship, which will of course be of no further use. Perhaps it may seem to some people that there is some little difficulty in first catching your hare, *alias* sea-serpent; but we are confident that the giant mind which presided over the commissariat on the Cape May expedition would find this a *mer bagatelle*. We felt some delicacy in proclaiming this invention before the ship sailed, because the officers, after their unparalleled exertions in New York, would require some repose in the bosom of their native land before entering upon a new and untried field of enterprise.

Jenks on The Wizard.

JENKS, upon reading of the recent robbery committed by a domestic on Professor ANDERSON, exclaimed in a transport of indignant jocosity; "It was a piece of *black'arted* ingratitude!" and immediately fell asleep.

A Case of Melancholy Settled.

Nothing is more common than to read of people who, under certain conditions of grief, "bury their heads in their hands." This will account, we presume, for the large number of Grave faces that we see about us every day.

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

A little plain talk with Mr. Recorder Barnard, in the matter of Thomas J. Munday, Beast.

VANITY FAIR OFFICE, Sept. 8th, 1860.

SIR:—You are, we understand, a Judge upon the Bench in this city. Did it ever occur to you that the administering of justice comes within the functions of that office?

Taking as an example the case of THOMAS J. MUNDAY, we should say not.

Some time last Spring one of those creatures that put our modern civilization to the blush, was arrested for committing a series of outrages too disgusting to name. His victims were, for the most part, helpless young girls, whom he seized and abused as they were returning home from school. This brute is known to men as THOMAS J. MUNDAY. It is with reluctance that we state that he has been elevated to places of power and emolument by the citizens of New-York. Once he occupied a seat among the Legislators in our state capitol; once he was put forward as a fit candidate for the Senate; and now he enjoys the office of Clerk in a Civil District Court of this city, with salary and perquisites to the amount of $5,000 per annum.

When THOMAS J. MUNDAY was arraigned at the bar of public justice, the evidence against him was overwhelming. Not a doubt could exist as to the enormities he had committed. He pleaded guilty. The District Attorney placed the case on the calendar for trial, and, a fortnight afterward, ordered it to be called up. The District Attorney was then informed by you, Mr. Recorder BARNARD, that "MUNDAY'S case was already disposed of." It seems that that Apostle of the cloven heel was a friend of yours. You cherished feelings of affection for him. You had, accordingly, followed the injunction of the song, and dealt with him kindly. You had accepted his plea of "Guilty" without sentencing him, You had said to him, actually or virtually, "TOMMY, my boy, you may go now; I'll send for you when I want you." And you had managed all this so cleverly and with so much secrecy, that the Clerk of Court knew nothing about it. He had no record of that plea or of that dismissal on his books. You did not intend that he should have.

Since then you have not "wanted" your goatish friend, nor have you sent for him. The beast is, consequently, as free as ever before to outrage all wives and daughters of men that may fall into his toils. And you, Mr. Recorder BARNARD, sanction these things!

As it is plain, sir, that you yourself are incapable of blushing, we blush for you. Furthermore, in the name of humanity and that you may be prevented from perpetuating these judgments worthy of a JEFFRIES, we sincerely trust that the men of New-York will avail themselves of their only means of punishment, by refusing to elect you to the post to which you now aspire—a Judgeship in the Supreme Court of this city. In which hope, sir, we subscribe ourselves, Yours indignantly,

Vanity Fair.

To GEORGE G. BARNARD, Esq.
Court of Sessions
New-York.

HOMES WORKED BY STEAM.

DEAR FAIR.—It is with inconceivable grief that I have seen of late in so many quarters, terrible indications that the merely Mechanical and Material is threatening to engulph our land, if not the age in one fell mass of Ruin.

Mechanics, Sir, threaten to invade every avenue of Thought. To save Labor is becoming the Problem of the Infant. Sir—I have seen sewing done by machinery—yes—I have even seen a mechanical Pumpkin Parer! Where will this end?

To show you where it *may* end, I have penned the following legend, in which the too zealous Inventor may trace a fearful warning. Yours truly,

Omega.

UM! exclaimed Mr. COGWHEELS, "HUM! If it could be done!"—and then continued, reading aloud, "Mothers of rising families would then command much more leisure, for higher and nobler duties. The sciences, heretofore brought to bear only upon massive machinery, have already descended to aid woman in the thousand details of her dainty task-work. Philosophy and chemistry have come to our assistance in the preparation and preservation of food, etc., etc.—and, it only remains for me to crown the work totally; do away with cooks, chambermaids, and waiters; forever shut up those stupidity shops, called Intelligence Offices; and earn immortal praise from lovely woman!

"But," continued Mr. COGWHEELS, there is one point on which hinge many of my most intricate calculations; and that is, how much horse power will work a small household? It may be safe to calculate the general run of domestics, a little less than "one horse"—using this theory for a basis, I can arrive at certain conclusions.

"Again, as we advance gas will be cheaper"—— here Mr. COGWHEELS was interrupted by the exclamation of his friend FIFER who had so far maintained a dogged silence, and a segar in his mouth.

"Gas, won't be cheaper! You're eternally looking out for some kind of small Utopia; such things can't be, at any price. Now this idea of yours, about working a house by steam, is all humbug,—it's all fol de rol."

"FIFER, you are not an enthusiast! The world owes everything to enthusiasts—to one of them it will owe a HOME WORKED BY STEAM, the next thing you know. But all you can say will not have the least effect in changing my determination to carry out this idea. When I look over the length and breadth of this fair land, I see millions of immortal female souls cooking millions of indigestible meals, and entailing dyspepsia on millions of miserable mankind; I see these women, who, in early life formed the flower of the brave Amazonian regiment ever foremost in tea-fights, now dispirited and broken down; the noise of the piano is as if it had never been, and the fascination of the giddy dance ditto, the same. Shall these things be? No, SIR!"

"Well!" spoke FIFER, "we won't quarrel about it, only, when you have your plan in full operation, and your home under a full head of steam, don't forget to ask me to come and inspect it. I suppose you will get it under way before you are married?"

"Certainly," said COGWHEELS, "it was at CLARA's suggestion that I first determined to study out a plan by which we could go to house-keeping, or rather to a house that would keep itself, and the very day that it works successfully, she has promised to be Mrs. COGWHEELS, for better than worse. We are to make a three months' tour to the lakes, and all that, and then return. But, hallo! one o'clock, and I must be at the Novelty Works in short order. Good bye."

Mr. COGWHEELS, by enthusiastic perseverance and long suffering, perfected his steam invention, and after assuring CLARA that he had now "a home without cares, and a household without Biddies," led that confiding woman up the broad aisle in shining white, and point lace and orange flowers, to his accompaniment of black broadcloth, patent-leathers, and his hands clothed in the skins of young rams:—to the time of "OLD HUNDRED—— Thousand," that being the amount of worldly goods with which he her endowed. Tears, kisses, hugs, a brave dinner, and off in the cars for Saratoga. Three months in getting over the excitement, and going into training for the matrimonial combat of life, and its realities—to be avoided by Mr. COGWHEELS by steam—at least its domestic asperities.

FIFER duly received an invitation after Madame COGWHEELS's return to town, to dine with COGWHEELS and inspect the house. FIFER was a cautious man, and after accepting the dinner invitation, slipped round into Wall-street, and had his life insured for $30.000—in case of a "bust up" at COGWHEELS. On the appointed day he Avenued it up to Twenty-First-street and then "lefting" it arrived at COGWHEELS' "HOME WORKED BY STEAM." Previous to entering, he looked up for a smoke pipe, or walking beam, on top of the house—no sign; then he listened to hear the rattle of machinery—no go! "Low pressure," said FIFER, and pulled the bell. The door flew wide open.* "Well, this is one way," said FIFER, and he had hardly entered the vestibule, before the door closed behind him with a slam! grazing his coat tails. He now saw on the right and left hand of the inner door, two mouth-pieces, one marked QUESTION, and the other ANSWER. He had no question to ask, and didn't require any answer, he only wanted to be announced. I must suggest this to COGWHEELS," said he, "an Announcer hole." He announced himself through the Question mouth-piece and the vestibule door flew open; forewarned of its shutting quickly by the front door and not wanting to be knocked outside and have to again apply to the mouth-piece, he nimbly jumped in and simultaneously with the shutting of the door, a bronze hand with a card receiver on it, flew out from the wall nearly striking Mr. FIFER in the epigastric region. "Now," reflected he, "is a chance to experiment; instead of a card, I'll put a half dollar there and see what the effect will be." Down went the half dollar into the receiver, it opened quickly, the money disappeared, and the next minute a rattling, jingling noise was heard running along through the wall, then several hearty peals of laughter, and a drawing-room door swung open wide. Entering quickly, (he didn't like the way the doors sprung to) he found COGWHEELS advancing to greet him, and was soon in earnest conversation with Mrs. COGWHEELS and several guests who had been invited to dine, and see the wonders of steam. The half dollar card had already apprized the company that FIFER was one who had some humor in him, so conversation rattled on as merrily as a bell until the sliding doors at the end of the drawing-room fell back, revealing a snug little dining-room with chairs duly arranged to face a table; but there was no table. COGWHEELS, however, gallantly offered his arm to a pretty young lady. FIFER escorted Mrs. COGWHEELS, and the other guests paired off and followed, all evidently "at sea" about future revelations. Taking seats, FIFER saw the lady of the house, press lightly a little knob with her foot, and lo! the floor for the space of some feet slid to one side, and up rose an oval table covered with damask, cut glass, silver, flowers, decanters, napkins, etc. Its centre was moveable, whirling around on an easy pivot, and on it were many dishes kept warm by chafing dishes and spirit lamps. After soup, Mr. FIFER requested to know if the soup plates were to be thrown on the floor or out of the window? COGWHEELS told him to lift up the table-cloth and he would find shelves to put the plates on. Thus the soup plates were put away, and rows of clean plates were found piled up for each guest, in the shelf facing his seat. The centre of the table was then turned round, each guest helping himself to fish, and then spinning around the centre until the dish came to the next neighbor at table. By each dish were bottles of appropriate wine, to which the guest helped himself. After the different courses had been disposed of, Madame COGWHEELS again pressed the knob of the spring on the floor, and the table descended to slow music. Another table in a few minutes ascended, bounte

*At an Exhibition of Swiss Industry held at Berne in 1857, I noticed two doors which were self-opening, and self-shutting, a spring in a plank of the floor as you appeared being pressed by the foot, opened the door, and treading on another as you passed through, closed it.

ously laden with dessert and light wines. Conversation now was carried on in a very lively vein, there was a delightful rose-blush in the face of the young bride, owing (of course, to be sure, certainly, I am confident of it, it couldn't be anything *stronger*) to the success with which the dinner was going off, in fact had gone off, leaving nothing but a light, fantastic dessert behind.

"HOMES WORKED BY STEAM" triumphed, and COGWHEELS felt his brows bound with victorious patents from the Patent Office, Washington—after a due amount of dinners and jobbing, of course. His guests, one and all, gave judicious praise. Prof. B. LOWHARD having nailed his audience, went into the history of housekeeping, from NOAH and his Arkite attempts down to the House of Representatives, interrupted several times by FIFER with such frivolous questions, as to whether a digger Indian could live longest on Sanscrit or Arabic roots? whether NOAH had yet been proved to be an Irishman? and others equally foolish and void of anything but wit of the lowest order.

The company now adjourned to the drawing-room, where Mrs. COGWHEELS' pretty foot again pressed a spring, and uprose a dainty little rose-wood table with coffee urn and liquors. FIFER duly took down his half cup of black coffee, and then initiated the good Professor B. LOWHARD into the manufacture of a *chasse café* (one third Absynthe and two thirds Maraschino de Zara) which raised him to a discourse on nectar, Amber Gods, and the Bacchae.

The conversation among the ladies was now like the hum of Hyblean bees; through the open windows of the conservatory, the South wind brought on its gentle wings the perfume of rare exotics, while through the drawing-room windows the last rays of the setting sun gleamed glorious, illuminating the lovely faces of the bride and her three fair friends. In that hour was played the Triumphal March of COGWHEELS! and he stood conspicuous among men, a beacon over the stormy sea of turbulent domestics!

It was now that COGWHEELS, feeling the power within him, arose: "Friends!" said he, in a full mellow voice, *â la* BADIALI, "the hour has come when I must unfold to you the arcana of 'HOMES WORKED BY STEAM.' CLARA!" said he to the partner of his victory, "Let us lead our friends to the inspection of our master-work!"

FIFER has since affirmed, on a City Directory, that at that moment COGWHEELS had more soul beaming out of the end of his boots, than all the Marble Fauns HAWTHORNE could knock down in eight years, could dare to dream of having.

So great is the power of healthy imagination. COGWHEELS pressed his hand on the head of a marble bust of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR when he was a minor, (original in the first room of the Statue Gallery in the Vatican, right hand side, half way up, on a bracket among other busts?) and instantly a flood of soft light poured through alabaster shades on the intelligent faces of his guests, and Prof. B. LOWHARD exclaimed, "Eureka!" undoubtedly referring to his snuff-box, which he had by good luck discovered in a forgotten breast pocket of his little-used state-garment.

The company at once descended to the basement, where they first inspected the stationary engine. This was tended by an intelligent American engineer, who, having lost both legs by the explosion of a boiler of a Mississippi steamer, which was conveying at the time more steam than two boilers could decently hold, determined him to tend after that, a stationary engine of the low pressure school of tactics. He cheerfully explained the application of the steam to the different branches of household employments. After this the company went to the kitchen where they found all the dishes washed up and put away, and two bronze hands busily knitting by a cheerful light (!) while a copper tortoise-shell cat added to the domesticity of the scene. These bronze hands came out of a wall, and the inspection of them afforded much amusement to the guests. It required some time to explain the *rationale* of all the domestic operations, *because it was very hard to explain*, VERY!"

After the lower regions they ascended to the chambers, and while the guests were assembled in one room, inspecting the wonderful mechanism by which carpets were swept, beds made, and so forth, the master-spirit, Mr. COGWHEELS took FIFER into a side room, and laughingly told him of the sudden fit of early rising he and his wife were seized with the first day they spent in their Steam Home—of his neglect to set the dial of the bed-makers, and its consequent action at four o'clock in the morning, throwing all hands and the cook overboard, and trying to spread his linen garment for a pillow-case, and insisting on appropriating Madame's robes for sheets, etc. FIFER had a hearty laugh over this, and they returned to the guests, who were in raptures at the many ingenious contrivances of the steam chamber-maid.

On descending again to the drawing-room, they were regaled by singing and piano-playing. When COGWHEELS, who evidently was bent on some great surprise, suddenly touched a spring, and instantly a grand steam orchestra commenced playing on wind instruments.

Concert—Overture by C. M. VON WEBER.

Sinfonie Nr. 9 (3 Sätze)—VON L. BEETHOVEN.

Symphony, D sharp (No. 6)—VON HAYDN,

and some other exquisite pieces, such as you may hear any summer afternoon at the *Sinfonie-Concert*, VON LIEBIG, in Sommer's-Garten, at Berlin. *Anfang* 7 *Uhr. Entrée* 5 *Sgr.*! Drinking white-beer out of Titanic glasses.

In the midst of the D sharp Symphony of HAYDN, there was a queer rumbling, grumbling, as of a lion aroused, succeeded by a rushing noise as of an approaching hurricane. Then Bang-whang! up jumped the table through the dining-room floor—up came another. Crash went the furniture up-stairs. Flippity bang! bang! went the doors opening and shutting with the swiftness of thought. Louder roared the hurricane. Whang! went the dining-room tables.

"Save yourselves, save yourselves, gentlemen and ladies, the whole concern is going ——wards!" roared the engineer, as he dashed past the drawing-room doors. (I forgot, in the confusion, he had no legs and couldn't run! No matter, I'm in a hurry, things are going to "bust." He run on his hands!) "Save yourselves! Out of the front windows!" Out they all tumbled, bride and bridegroom, one and all, pell mell.

It was well they did. As the last pair of legs cleared the area gate, there was a sound like thunder, and turning, they saw the whole house blow up in the air, with a noise like "a pent-up Utica," (whatever that is) and poor COGWHEELS saw his fabric of boiled water a shapeless mass of brick and iron.

So our fading dreams depart, And the wishes of our heart, However brave and good they seem, End like households worked by steam!

A BOTTLE IMP.

If this is not the age of gymnastics, then is there no sense, to us, in the following scrap clipped from a daily paper:

AN English Protestant Girl wishes a situation as NURSE. Can take charge of an infant, and bring it up upon a bottle if required.

There are some things connected with the bottle that are to us mysterious—a reel in a bottle, for instance. A reel *after* a bottle is more easily accounted for; we have known several persons who kept themselves in reels *that* way until they became "Tombs' Revolvers." But the worst puzzle about a bottle that has yet mystified us, is the allusion in the above quotation to bringing up a baby upon one. After much thought, however, it occurred to us, that the young person who advertises is anxious to meet with a family of "muscular Christians," to whom her services may be useful in teaching gymnastics to the babies, and the way "muscular Christians" should go.

Our artist has made an insane attempt to illustrate the feat of—

BRINGING UP A BABY UPON A BOTTLE.

UNDER THE "VAGRANT ACT."

Officer.—"I ARREST YOU FOR A VAGRANT."
Astonished Celt.—"IS IT ARREST ME YE'D BE DOING, AN' ME BROTHER AN ALDERMAN, AN' ME UNCLE A COONCILMAN, AN' ALL AV ME RELASHINS THE HOIGHTH OF THE RISPICTABLE?

Misrule in the Detroit Schools.

The Detroit, Mich., Board of Education have lately resolved—"That marriage on the part of any female teacher be tantamount to a resignation of her position as teacher." In other words, it is not a hit but a-Miss to be a school Mistress in Detroit. A fine distinction between "Mistress" and "Mrs."

Ornithological.

From a Western paper we learn that the Two *wings* of the Democratic party are in Wisconsin! Will some of our friends inform us where to find the *body* aud *head*?

Not by Jerrold.

We observe that in a course of lectures, on comparative anatomy to be delivered in Philadelphia, there will be one on the formation of tails. That is to say, Caudal lecture.

By a Drummer.

It may be true that the Chicago Zouaves do not "drink", while in the city; yet when in camp they invariably congregate at the *tap*.

A Rich Joke.

SAM HOUSTON, writing a long letter declining his chanc s (?) for the Presidency.

Physician's Prayer.

O' si sick omnes.

A Tool in the hands of Designing Men.

FABER, No. 3.

SOMETHING GORGEOUS.

Philadelphia triumphs. While we have believed her slumbering in Quaker meeting, she was in reality making the deepest calculations; and her eyes were closed only that she might, by meditation, attain the result now presented us. Philadelphia paid the bills for France in the Crimean war! Philadelphia gave material aid to France, and settled the Italian campaign; without her, Solferino and Magenta would have been defeats. She has given France one hundred millions of dollars per annum (!) "for some years back."

Poor DUMAS, what do you think of that? *colorado claro mio*—as the Habanera says to her mild Partagas. How about MONTE CRISTO? You will have to study the life of ELIAS HICKS, if you want to write a real romance. But to facts as they appear in the *Philadelphia Bulletin* in Golden Letter, to President BUCHANAN. The writer claims to have discovered in Africa, along the Kong Mountains "the richest gold deposits in the world:" in 1853 he made a proposition to our government to acquire and annex this same gold field; it was not accepted, and accordingly the writer offered it to LOUIS NAPOLEON, who jumped at it, grabbed the Kong Mountains, told the discoverer he should receive "for a term of years (discharged of the costs of the enterprise) one half the products of the mines, and some years back, exceeding one hundred millions of dollars per annum; a flood of munificence which I declined, from its very magnitude alone." The discoverer's modesty is not to be commended, he agreed to take five million dollars and say no more about it. But Empires are empirical, and so between LOUIS NAPOLEON and M. FOULD, the poor discoverer never received a dollar, and was driven away from Paris; he now asks from President BUCHANAN an appointment as attaché to the Legation of the United States at Paris, that he may reside there unmolested, and obtain his five million dollars from LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The letter reads as if written by King MIDAS. The French imports of gold (for the first nine months only, of 1858) *exceeded the imports* by three hundred and seventy-six millions (376,000,000) of francs!" ——"the Emperor has been coining annually, *in gold only*, over five hundred millions of francs! a sum greater than the aggregate gold coinage of the United States, Great Britain and Russia (all of which have affluent gold fields) and not only greater than that of Spain when carried by COLUMBUS to the culmination of power, but even greater than the antecedent coinage of any nation upon the globe!" Bravo Philadelphia!

"Sufficient of your PARISH."

Would that a New Yorker had been, and gone, and done as much; we would exalt his name above others, in golden letters—on a balloon.

Garibaldi as an Indian.

The Irish having been unable to clearly prove GARIBALDI's descent from Ireland are quiet, after his descent on Sicily; not so the Canadians, for in *L'Oracle* a Montreal paper, the oracle declares him son of an Iroquois chief named GARRABALDEH, (signifying "Mighty in War") VANITY FAIR inclines towards Sir Oracle, for the way the "Mighty in War" drove the Neapolitans from Palermo was savage, very much so. The night before he takes Naples it will be more so—it thus—

To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
Shall light us to the foe;
And we shall share—Calabrian boy!
The Bourbon's blood and Naples' joy.

Curious if True.

A young lady who graduated recently at an institute in Virginia, has been committed to the Insane Asylum at Raleigh. Her friends attribute her mental aberration to the reading of MILTON'S Paradise Lost.—*Exchange.*

Good gracious—what would have become of her had she read—say for instance WALT WHITMAN, or one of ISAAC ADAH MENKENS high pressure-isms?

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